By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Comments 10th The Bubba Handle Co.

CHAPTER XV-(Concluded).

"Never fear, sir! We'll make it in Tell be worth your while."

"Right-O! Maitland dropped into his seat, infounded. "Good Lord!" he whis-ted; and then, savagely: "in the of that infamous scoundrel-! The cab had been headed north; the Bt. i.uke rears its massive bulk south of Twenty-second street. The driver expertly swung his vehicle almost on Simultaneously it careened with the impact of a heavy bulk landing upon the step and falling

in a heap on the deck.
"My worrd, what's that?" came from aloft: Maitland was altogether too startled to speak.

The heap sat up, resolving itself into the semblance of a man; who poke in decisive tones:
"If yeh're goin' there, I'm goin' with

yeh, 'r yeh don't go—see?"
"The sleuth!" gasped Maitland, as-

"Ah, cut that, can't yeh?" Hickey got on all fours, found his cigar, stuck it in his mouth, and fell into place at Maitland's side.

"Hickey, I mean. But how—"
"If jeh're Maitland, 'nd Anisty's at
the St. Luke buildin', tell that fool up

there to drive!"

Maitland had no need to lift the trap; the cabby had already done that. "All right," the young man called.

"It's Detective Hickey. Drive on!"
The lash leaped out over the roof—
crrack!—and the horse, presumably winced that no speed other than a dead-run would ever again be de-manded of it, tore frantically down the ivenue, the hansom rocking like a top-nall-schooner in a heavy sale

all schooner in a heavy gale.

Maitiand and the detective were hat red against the side and back of the rebicle and clammed against one a since with painful regularity. Und such circumstances speech was diffi-cult; yet they managed to exchange a

feh gottuh gun?"

"Anisty's—two good cartridges." "Jus' as well I'm along, I guess. And again: "How'd yeh s'pose An-laty got this cab?"

"I don't know-must 've been in the house—I told cabby to wait—Anisty seems to have walked out right on

"Hell!" And a moment later: "What's this about a woman in the

Maitland took swift thought on her

"Too long to go into now," he parried query. "You help me catch this adrel Anisty and I'll put in a good word for you with the deputy

"Ah, yeh help me nab him," grunted 'nd I wen't need no good word with nobody."

The hansom swung into Broadway,

ag like a whirlwind; and picked u ed officer in front of the Flatiron building, who, shouting and using his locust stridently, sprinted after them. A block further down an-other fell into line; and he it was who pointed at the step an instant after the cab had lurched to a stop before the entrance to the St. Luke building.

Hickey had rolled out before to oliceman had a chance to bluster. the

"Lo, Bergen," he greeted the man. ch know me—I'm Hickey, central See. Yeh're jus' in time. Anisty's buildin'--'r was ten minute We want all the help we c'n get." ay of reply the officer ste and drummed a loud alarm on sidewalk with his night-stick.

"Say," he panted, rising, "you're onder, Hickey—if you get him."

"Uh-huh," grunted the detective with a sidelong glance at Maitland. The lobby of the building was qui

ed as they entered, the night man invisible, the night elevator on its way to the roof-as was disco ered by consultation of the indicate the night call hell saverely

"Me 'nd him," he said, jerking the free thumb at Mattland, "'il go up and heat him out. Begin at th' top floor as' work down. That's th' way, buh' 'Nd," to the policeman, "yeh stay here sa" hold up anybody 't tries tuh leave th' buildh'. There sin't no other en

"Basement door an' ash lift's round th' corner," responded the officer. "But that had ought tub be locked, night."

"Well, I anybody else comes along yes put him there, anyway, for luck Wast 'n bell's th' matter with this

levator?"
The detective settled a pudgy index Secretary settled a pudgy index-ferer on the push button and elicited a for, this, shrill neal from the an-sunciator above. But the indicator ar-row remained as motioniess as the car

at the top of the shaft. Another sumponse, in likewise and a third was also disregarded.
Hickey stepped back, face black as

-cloud, summed up his opinion of the management of the building one soul-blistering phrise, produc his bandana and used it vigorously, uttered a libel on the ancestry of the night-watchman and the likes of him, and turned to give profane welcome to the policeman who had noticed the cab at Twenty-third street and who now panted in, blown and perspiring. Much to his disgust he found himself assigned to stand guard over the basement exits, and waddled forth again into the street.

Meanwhile the first officer to arrive

upon the scene was taking his turn at agitating the button and shaking the gates: and with no more profit of his undertaking than Hickey. After minute or two of it he acknowledge After & defeat with an oath, and turned away

to browbeat the straggling vanguard of belated wayfarers—messenger boys, slatternly drabs, hackmen, loafers, and one or two plain citizens con-spicuously out of their reputable grooves-who were drifting in at the thing, the flesh-colored oval of his face ntrance to line the lobby walls with blank, curious faces. Forerunners of that mysterious rabble which is apparently precipitated out of the very air by any extraordinary happening in city streets, if allowed to remain they would in five minutes have waxed in numbers to the proportions of an unmanageable mob; and the policeman, knowing this, set about dispersing them with perhaps greater discretion

than consideration.

They wavered and fell back, grumbling discontentedly; and Maitland, his anxiety temporarily distracted by the noise they made, looked round to find his erstwhile cabby at his elbow. Of whom the sight was inspiration. Ever thoughtful, never unmindful of her whose influence held him in this coil, he laid an arresting hand on the man's sleeve.
"You've got your cab—?"

"Yissir, right houtside."

the crowd, and wait for me. If shethe young lady-comes without me, drive her anywhere she tells you and come to my rooms to-morrow morning

Maitland turned back, to find the situation round the elevator shaft in statu quo. Nothing had happened, save that Hickey's rage and vexation had eed mightily

"But why don't you go up after him?

detective. "He's got th' night car. 'F I takes the stairs, he comes down by th' shaft, 'nd how'm I tuh trust this here mutt?" He indicated his associate but humbler custodian of the peace with a disgusted gesture.

"Perhaps one of the other cars will un—" Maitland suggested.

"Ah, they're all dead ones." Hickey disagreed with disdain as man moved down the row of gates, try ing one after another. "Yeh're only

He broke off with a sport as Mait managing to move the gate of the third shaft from the night elevator stepped into the darkened car and ed for the controller. Presently his fingers encountered it, and he moved it cautiously to one side. vicious blue spark leaped hissing from the controller-box and the cage bounded up a dozen feet, and was only restrained from its ambition to soa skywards by an instantaneous releas of the lever.

By discreet manipulation Maitland worked the car down to the street floor again, and Hickey, with a grun ogy for his incredulity, jumped in.

"Let 'er rip!" he cried, exultantly. "Fan them folks out intuh th' street en, 'nd watch ow-ut!" Maitland was pressing the leve

slovly wide of its catch, and the lighted lobby dropped out of sight while the detective was still shouting nitions to the police below. Grad nally gaining momentum the car to shoot smoothly up into the black chains clanking ber Hickey fumbled for electric light switch but, finding it, im left the car in darkness.

"Safer," he explained, sententious.
"Anisty 'll shoot, 'nd they says he

operator's ear.

"Stop 'er! Hold 'er steady. T'other's

Maitland obeyed, managing the car with greater case and less jerk!ly as he began to understand the principle

of the lever. The cage paused in the black shaft, and he looked upward. Down the third shaft over, the other cage was dropping like a plummet, a block of golden light walled in by black filigree-work and bisected vertically by the black line of the guide

"Stop that there car!"

Hickey's stentorian command had no effect; the block of light continued to fall with unabated speed

to fall with unaneted speed.

The detective wasted no more breath. As the other car swept past, Maitland was shocked by a report and flash beside him. Hickey was using

cry, a scream of pain, from the lighted planations, to his supreme disgust, cage. It paused on the instant, like. And, suddenly impatient beyond en-a bird stricken a-wing, some four durance, Maitland left them and alone floors below, but at once resumed its, sprang no the stairs.

And

firm and careful hand.

"Only two, same's us. I hit th' feller what was runnin' it..." "Steady!" cautioned Maitland, de-

creating the speed, as the car ap-proached the lower floor. Tht other had beaten them down: but its arrival at the street level was greeted by a short chorus of mad yells, a brief fusiliade of shots-perhaps e in all-and the clang of the gate swung unwards again, hurtling at full

in force which he had not bargained

Maitland instinctively reversed the lever and sent his own car upward again, slowly, walting for the other to overtake it. Peering down through the iron lattice work he could indisobserve the growing cube of light, with a dark shape lying huddled in one corner of the floor. A second figure, rapidly taking shape as Anisty's, stood by the controller, braced against the side of the car, one hand on the shining



turned upwards in a supposititious at-

his bullet spattering against the back gotten that Bannerman owned an of-wall of the shaft. Hickey's next bullet fice in the building, in the rush, the rang with a bell-like note against the urge of this wild adventure. Strange metal-work, Anisty's presumably went that Anisty should have chesen it for the scene of his last stand—strange. sworn he felt the cold kiss of its and strangely fatal for the criminal! breath upon his cheek. And the lighted For Maitland knew that from this cage rocked past and up.

Maitland needed no administration well and pursue; his blood was up, his heart man, and—singing with the lust of the man-hunt. The thor Yet Anisty was rapidly leaving them, his car soaring at an appalling pace. Towards the top he evidently made some attempt to slow up, but either he was ignorant of the management of whereabouts from the barglar can be walted a state of the grant of the management of whereabouts from the barglar can be written as the same of the s the buffers with a crash that echoed mortal terror-her voice! followed a splintering and rending sound, and Maitland, heart in mouth surface. sound, and Maitland, heart in mouth could make out dimly a dark, falling shadow in the further shaft. Yet est that descended a score of feet the safety-clutch acted and, with a third was in deathly perli and terror. us jar, shaking the building the car halted.

Hickey and Maitland were then some dered the detective. There was a lilt of exultancy in his voice. "We got five floors below. "Stop 'er at 19," or of exuitancy in his voice.

We said the him now, all right, all right, to get down by—There!"

Overhead the crash of a gate forced open was followed by a scurry of footsteps over "Stop 'er and we'll head the tiling. "Stop 'er and him off. So now-eeeasy!"

Maitland shut off the power as the car reached the nineteenth floor barrier seemed to dissolve before their Hickey opened the gate and jumped eyes, the glass falling inward with Hickey opened the gate and jumped out. "Shut that." he commanded out. "Shut that," he commanded a shrill clatter, sharply, as Mairland followed him, Onaintle with in case he gets past us."

gether admirable.

"Yeh guard-them stairs," he decided. 'nd see what's doing. Don't hesitate man felt the hot furnace breath of it to shoot if he tries to jump yeh." And The burglar reeled as though from

the other's superior generalship, stood shoulder, revolver failing from flagers scatinel, revolver in hand, until the involuntarily relaxing. returned, overheated and detective returned, overt sweating, from his tour, "nothin' doin' ty-first floors, where the same procedure was chserved; but as the latter through the doorway, over Anisty's was reached unexpected and very wel-come relaforcements were gained by the arrival of a third car, containing strain upon his falling powers, strugthree patrolmen and one roundsman. gled to his feet, Maitland, catching the Yet numbers created delay: Hickey

That this was simple footbardiness

Maitland, opening the lever with a the tragedy in whom the police, to their then knowledge, had no interest whatsoever. And if in the heat of chase he had for an instant forgotten mbered; and at once her, now he remembered; and at once the capture of Anisty was relegated to the status of a matter of secondary importance. The real matter at stake was the safety of the girl whom Anisty, by exercise of an infernal ingenuity that passed Maitland's compreheusion, had managed to spirit into this place of death and darkness and hispering halls, Where she might be, in what degree of suffering and danger—these were the considerations that sent hm in search of her without a thought of personal peril, but sick heart and overwhelmed with a

stifling sense of anxiety.

More active than the paunch-burdened detective he had sprinted down and back through the hallway of the twenty-second floor, without discovering anything, ere the police contingent reached an agreement and the stairhead. There remained two more floors, two

final flights. A little hopclessly he swung up the first. And as he did so the blackness above him was riven by a tongue of fire, and a bullet, singing past his head, flattened itself with a vicious spat against the marble dado of the walls. Instinctively he pulled up, finger closing upon the trigger of his revolver; flash and report fol-lowed the motion, and a panel of ribbed glass in a door overhead was splintered and fell in clashing fragments, all but drowning the sound of feet in flight upon the upper staircase.

A clamor of caution, warning, en-couragement, and advice broke out from the police below. But Multland hardly heard. Already he was again in pursuit, taking the steps two at a leap. With a hand upon the newelpost he swung round on the twenty-third floor, and hurled hunself toward the foot of the last flight. A crash like a rifle-shot rang out above, and second he fancled that Anisty had fired again, and with a henvio weapon. But immediately he realized that the noise had been only the slam-ming of the door at the head of the stairs-the door whose glazed panel loomed above him, shedding a diffused light to guide his footsteps, its opales cent surface lettered with the name of HENRY M. BANNERMAN.

Attorney & Counselor-at-Law tempt to discern the location of the the door of the office whose threshold Hickey, by firing prematurely, lent friend and adviser. It was with a him adventitious aid. The criminal reshock that he comprehensied this, a plied with spirit, aiming at the flash, thrill of wonder. He had all but formage rocked past and up.

Maitland needed no admonition to

Weil and good! Then they had the

mind, illumining the darkness of his despair with the hope that he would be able to force a word as to the girl's the lever, or else the thing had got police arrived; Maitland's foot was beyond control. The cage rammed on the upper step, when a scream of the numers with a crash that echoed through the sounding halls like a pear of thunder-claps; it was instantane ously plunged into darkness. There slipped upon its immovable poilshed

A sob that was at the same time an oath rose to his lips. Baffled, helpless. he fell back tears of rage starting to his eyes, her accents ringing in his

lost and wandering soul.
"God!" he mumbled incoherently. Overhead and in desperation sent the pistol-butt crashing against the glass. It was tough, stubborn; the first blow scarce ly flawed it. As he redoubled his efforts to shatter it, Hickey's hand shot over his shoulder to aid him.

Quaintly, with the effect of a pic-"in case he gets past us."

He paused a moment in thought heavy head on bull neck drooping for ward as he stared toward the rear of the control of the contr the building. He was fearless and resourceful, for all his many deficiencies.

Maitland found time, quaintly enough
He stood, poised upon the balls of shoots straight."

Floor after floor in ghostly strain slipped silently down before their eyes. Half-way to the top, approxible to regard him with detached curiosity, in the doorway between the inner and outer offices. He raised his hand with with exceptional courage, his aday in indescribably swift and vicious gesture, and a flame seemed to blaze

At the same instant Hickey's weapon "I'll run through this hall, spat by Maitland's cheek; the young

was gone, clamping briskly down the a termendous blow. His inflamed fea-corridor to the rear.

Maitland, yielding the initiative to right arm dropped limply from the

Hickey covered him. "Surfender And fired again. to report he roared. with characteristic Anisty had gone to his knees, reachnotinn doin. Whe the same report to make on both the twentieth and twent

The detective's second build winged murderous gleam in the man's eywas seized and compelled to pant ex-planations to his supreme disgust. In short expended itself as harmlessly And, suddenly impatient beyond en- as Maitland's. Both went wide of their

And of a sudden Hickey had drawn "Down, down! After 'em!" Hickey may be granted without dispute. But hind forced Maitland pell-mell fato the room. As he recovered be saw Hickey other can't—"
"How many in the car?" interrupted perturbed on behalf of an actor in —one second too late. True to his

pledge never to be taken alive, Anisty had sent his last b through his own skull.

A cry of horror and consternation rutheritself from Maitland's throat. The police halted, each where he land relented. 'I'll be there in a min-stood, transfixed. Anisty drew him-self up, with a trace of pride in his.' He added, meaningly.

Hickey took an impossive face to self up, with a trace of pride in has pose; smiled horribly; put a hand medianically to his lips . . .

Hickey caught him as he fell, but shoulders. Maitland bent stall over Maitland, unheeding, leaped over the the girl, and took her hand, body that had in life resembled him | "Denrost," he sold, gently, "please so fatally, and entered Bannerman's private office.

corner of the room, shielded from ob-servation by one of the desks. Her eyes were closed, her cheeks were the bue of death; the fair young head was pillowed on one white and rounded, find the detective gently into the outer of the wrong one. Perhaps it's beforearm, in an attitude of natural rest, and the burnished-hair, its heavy cause open his shoulder, Mailland closed the cause you can't see the lan in playing and the burnished-hair, its heavy cause open his shoulder, Mailland closed the cause you can't see the lan in playing the game. slipping from their fastenings, tumshimmering glory, like a splash of liv ing flame.

With a low and bitter cry the young men dropped to his knees by her sid-In the outer office the police were as excited conclave, blind to the momentous save Anisty's last, supremely consistent act. alone with his great and aching lone-

After a little while timidly be touched her hand. It lay upture 4, white slender fingers like exotic petals curling in upon the rosy bollow of her

palm. And it was soft and warm. He lifted it tenderly in both his own, and so held it for a space, broading, marveling at its perfection. And inevitably he bent and toucked it with his lips, as if their ardent contact would warm it to sentlence.

The fingers tightened upon his own. slowly, surely; and in the blinding lov of that moment he was made con-scious of the ineffable sweetness of

## CHAPTER XVI.

Recessional.
"Hm. brumm". Thus Hickey, the inopportunely ubiquitous, lumbering hastily in from the other office and checking, in an extreme of ortharrass ment, in the middle of the floor.

Maitland glanced over his shoulder, and, subduing a desire to flay the man alive, released the girl's hand.

"I say, Hickey," he observed, care suppressing every vestige of land hesitation, "will you lend me a hand plausible ite. emotion. here? Bring a chair, please, and a glass of water." The detective stumbled over his

feet and brought the chair at the risk of his neck. Then he went away and returned with the water. In the returned with the water. In the meantime the girl, silently enough for hub. I knowed that all aloun," le nail that her eves were speaking, with replied. "But seein as yeh diln's win all that her eyes were speaking, with Maltland's assistance arose and scated

minutes," he told her, "until-er-"I understand," she told him in a choking tone.

Hickey awkwardly handed her the glass. She sipped mechanically.

"I have a cab below," continued aitland. "And I'll try to arrange it Maitland. we can get out of the building without having to force a way through the crowd." She thanked him with a glance.

gested Hickey, helpfully.

Is there any



"Dearest," He Said Gently, "Picase Don't Run Away from Me Again."

Why the devil did the fellow insist on hanging round so') "and I will go and make arrangements."

Th-thank you," whispered the small voice shakily.

turned upon Hickey in sudden exasperation. His manner was enough,
even the obtuse detective could not
ignore it. Maitland had no need to
plunder was, and ... Anisty alpunder was anist was an example.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said, standing to ndvise him Of course you his ground manfully but with a trace won't understand—you've never want-more of respect in his manner than had theretofore characterized it. "but Mailland said nothing Itut his hand there's uh gentleman—uh—your frei Rannerman's outside 'nd wants tuh This would never have had speak tuh yeh." "Tell him to-"

"That's kindly thought of," Mait

the doorway, where, whether or not with design, he stood precisely upon the threshold, filling it with his barly

don't run away from me again.

The gray girl lay at length in a read his answer in them. Quickly—it was no time to harry ber energies further; but so much he had fok he must say—he brushed her hand with.

> New, see here, it and do not strong for this lady away without her become ing identified with the case. His key. I'm in a position to say a need ward for you in the right place, she had applicable with the case it is a conditively nothing to do with Anlary. this, so far as he could tell, was a black a lie as he had ever ternal, tur d under the lash of news 113 "and-there's a wad in it for the book who help me out."
> "Well." The detective shift-

ed from one foot to the other, ethic him intensity. I guess we can fix it freight elevator had side entone Yel: have the cab waitin', 'rd

stand, and assume all responsibili You can come round at your con you can come tourn at your con venience and arrange the details with me, at my rooms, since you will be so

dentions being made for the removal of Anisty's bedy. "I'd 've give a farm if I could 've caught that sea of a gan affice," he added at apparent random, and vindictively. "All riche. Yeb le responsible for th' hady, it she's want ed. will yeb."" Positively."

"I gotteh have her name 'nd add

"I-den't want it to come out." Maitland hesitated, trying to invent a Well, any one can see how you fee!

about it Maitland drew a long breath and anticipated rashly. "It's Mrs. Maland," he told the man with a trem-Hickey no ided, unimpressed.

it talked about . . . And, apparently beedless of Maithand's simpled "You will have to stay here a few and suspicious stare: "If you're promoted inutes," he told her, "until-er-" to see yer fren, yeh better net

wiggle on. He won't last long. 'Who? Bannerman? Wh deuce do you mean!"

deuce do you mean?"

"He's the feller I plugged in the elevator, that's all. Put a hole through his lungs. They took him into an of the on the twenty-first floor, right.

If there is anything at all you need.

mested Hickey, helpfully.

"Thank you . . . is there anything for with a smallered exclavation burned anything I can do for you, anything you wish?" continued Maitland to the girl, standing between her and the detective.

She lifted her face to his and shook her head, very gently, "No." she

better'n me."

Michael burned exclavation part of the city.

He found him as His levy hed said he your Draggists.

He found him as His levy hed said he would, solublug cut his tife, saude. she he would, soliding on

grabled me an trun me outer the ease inter the ball, an then the short n begins an I sumps downstair i the sixteent floor.

Hamerman opened dail eyes as Maidaad entered, and smill d faintly, nable. Maidand he may discuss discussed.

lower to this pass. Maittand stinned has a chair by the head of the same and closed his band over Bannerman's

diet on his high. The lawy

continued: I know you don't. That's Sunday, 8 to 6 p. in why I am' for you.

Memier 2 rings for orders, that night at the Primordial? When the donce was it? I can't can't think straight long at a time. That night I dimed with you and touched you up about the jewels? Wo had a built salad, you know, and I stroke about the Gramme affair.

MY SPE

spoke about the Gracue affair

way: divided square

"This would never have happened."
Anisty hadn't been impatient. He was hard to handle, some-

"Excuse me. He says he's porting see yells If yell don't come out, he'll times. I wasn't sure, you know, about the jewels; I only said I thought sey were at Ground also. Then I maker were at Ground from you, but he was were at Groundelds. Then I mader-tock to fiel out from you, but he was restive, and without saying anything to me went down to the conficient his And so . . . so the fat

own hook-just to have a leaf "Don't talk any more, Bannerman," Middlend tried to southe him. "Y

need never have gone to such lengths if you'd come to me-The anost of a surdonle smile filtred. incongruency, across the dying man's

have the true apart man's love of the pure for have a sake. Years like most of the rest of the crowd-content (To be Continued Next Sunday).



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## Your Drug

will be less if you Muy from the Orl-

But what in theorem's name has in the Drug line, see us, or phone w to to do with the ghast's heart?

thicker turned a shrewd one men 'Phone orders will receive immediate dalliand'. I guess he can tell year attention, and we delive; goods to any

## Druggists

A Property of the Control of the Con



er of Magie Remedics for all kinds of trou-

The most noted clairveyant of the day. He has exceptional qualities and is infallible in his line of business. world has nover seen his equal brokenty. How in Heavin—
I'm at Rannerman's lock the words
diet on his his. The lawyer moved
for low tone. This is what I might
have expected I suppose hidden treasures, removed estimated brings back the lost one, tractest lost and stolen goods, unearths
have expected I suppose hidden treasures, removes evil tre
man of Anisty's stamp desfluores, crosses sprin and fit inch.

He have now one who will give reahave expected I suppose bidden treasures, places and ill iuck man of Anisty's stamp des fluorese crosses spells and ill iuck perse character in all right. He is the only one who will give rough written guarantee to come te your sob in her thront, and she hung her head again.

"Not a word," ordered Mattiand.

"Sit here for a few minutes, if you can, drink the water and—ah—fix up your hat, you know," (damn blicky)!

Why the death discharge was a pan use of the continued of know you don't. That's sup your hat, you know," (damn blicky)!

The death discharge was and use till a mone of them containing \$1 will be an awared in them continued of know you don't. That's sup your hat, you know," (damn blicky)!

Why the death discharge was and use till a mone of them.

The is the only one who will give you a written gastantee to comit the your business or refund your money. All letters containing \$1 will be an awared in the continued. There was an use of the only one who will give you a written gastantee to comit the your business or refund your money. All letters containing \$1 will be an awared in the continued of know you don't. That's sup your hat, you know," (damn blicky)!

Why the death discharge was an use of the continued of the contraction.

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